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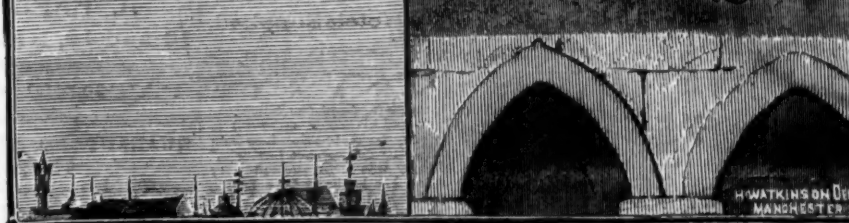
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VOL. I.  
No. 15.

CITY

February 25,  
1876.

# JACKDAW



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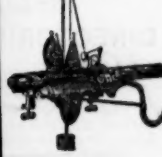
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 Doors open to Upper Circle, Pit, and Galleries at 6;  
 Private Boxes, Stalls, and Lower Circle Stalls at 6.30;  
 and the curtain will rise precisely at 7 o'clock. Second  
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 incapable of attending her household duties. Has now  
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 Thomson, 55, Bartholomew-road, Kentish Town, London.  
 Extracts from testimonials:—"I find myself completely  
 cured, and have tried every means to prove the cure, by  
 lifting and running, which I am happy to say, I can do  
 without pain or using any truss. F. W."—"Your remedy  
 has cured my rupture, and I have used violent exertion  
 since, without any sign of its reappearance. Miss S."—  
 "A fair time has elapsed since I used your remedy,  
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### ANALYSTS' REPORTS.

ANALYTICAL LABORATORY, SURGEON'S HALL, EDINBURGH, 20TH JANUARY, 1875.

I have carefully analysed the Baking Powder manufactured by Mr. W. H. Williamson, of Manchester, and find such to be excellent quality, and well fitted for the purpose.

STEPHENSON MACADAM, Ph.D., Lecturer in Chemistry.

REPORT OF DR. A. H. HASSALL.

26TH JANUARY, 1875.

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REPORT OF LOUIS SIEBOLD, Esq., ANALYTICAL CHEMIST.

225, OXFORD STREET, MANCHESTER, FEBRUARY 6TH, 1875.

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I remain, dear sir, yours respectfully,

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# THE ELECTORS OF MANCHESTER.

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All sections of the Liberal party have been united, all have acted loyally, and my warmest thanks are due to them, and to those who so unceasingly worked for the good cause, for the generous confidence they have reposed in me.

I have also great pleasure in acknowledging the courtesy and kindness which I have received during this contest from my opponents whenever I have come in personal contact with them.

Yesterday I was the candidate of a party, to-day I am member for Manchester; and every inhabitant of Manchester, irrespective of party, will, I trust, find in me a faithful representative.

Believe me, Gentlemen,

Always faithfully yours,

**JACOB BRIGHT.**

Manchester, February 18, 1876.

## DEARDEN'S

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**6, WATERLOO ROAD MANCHESTER.**

# THE CITY JACKDAW:

A Humorous and Satirical Journal.

VOL. I.—No. 15.]

MANCHESTER: FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 25, 1876.

[PRICE ONE PENNY.]

## TWO LESSONS OF THE ELECTION.

NOW that the election is over, and the heat of party fight is past, we lose no opportunity in offering our sympathy to the vanquished. They smart under a real injustice. Having cast a larger vote than sufficed to return two members to Parliament at the general election, their candidate is again left out in the cold. The twenty thousand men and upwards whom they marshalled at the poll would have formed a creditable army corps—a force nearly as large as that which saved the independence of a kingdom at Bannockburn—and the imposing display was made to no end. If their strength could have been split up into centuries, and have been polled in successive weeks at Portarlinton, it would have carried an election once a week for four years continuously. The number of county market towns which exceed 20,000 inhabitants—to say nothing of householders—is comparatively small, and there are none with a constituency of 60,000 which do not return two members. Whichever party casts 25,000 votes at the next general election in Manchester will have obtained a majority of one party vote. The vote of the second Liberal or Tory member, as the case may be, will be neutralised by the action of the minority member of opposite politics. Thus all the machinery of a contested election in the large constituencies of Manchester, Liverpool, Glasgow, and perhaps, by-and-by, Birmingham, will be brought into play for the same result that is obtained in the pocket borough attached to Blenheim, at the fiat of the Duke of Marlborough. A steam plough—representing immense, almost inexhaustible, energy—is employed to do the work that might be, and is, accomplished by a mousetrap. The rankling unfairness that underlies this inequality of representation is only intensified when we consider the diverse interests which live together and compete in a great city. What is there in common between St. Ann's Ward and St. Michael's, Exchange and New Cross? Probably there are not three persons in either of the city wards who care twopence about Home Rule for Ireland: with a majority of the ratepayers in Rochdale Road and Ancoats it is a question of prime rank. In the nature of things these wide divergencies of opinion and feeling must occur in an immense population. It is, however, an obvious injustice which must more and more exasperate educated politicians, and confuse the issue of elections, that those who are fitted by education, by commercial standing, and by public service, to be the leaders of a constituency, should only be able to lead by knuckling down to the class feelings, or it may be prejudices, or national sentiment or religious heat of mere numbers, who never think of politics or the public advantage except when they are drummed up by excited partisans at an election. By-and-by it may even happen that Manchester may be represented in Parliament by members entirely ignorant of the trade which has made Manchester a city known and respected in every part of the habitable globe. Our complaint is not dictated by Conservative feeling; it is not an arraignment of household suffrage. To retrace our steps is an impossibility; if it were possible it would be a misfortune to be deplored. What is needed is that what has been begun on the basis of equal electoral rights to every ratepayer should be extended on the basis of fairplay. While the merchant and the manufacturer are placed level with their warehousemen and their factory hands, it is a crying unrighteousness that the landowner and the farmer should, in consequence of a restricted franchise in the counties, hold what is practically, as compared with electoral power under a city franchise, a hundred-fold or a fifty-fold vote, and the cottager or farm-labourer possess no vote at all. The questions of which the election

from which we have just emerged principally teach the paramount and pressing necessity, are equalisation of the franchise and a fair redistribution of seats. Mr. Jacob Bright has said that Manchester ought to send twelve members to Parliament. We trust that his influence in St. Stephen's—and he goes there backed by the influence of the strongest vote ever cast in Great Britain for one man—will be used in working for the result which he regards as just and desirable. By-and-by, these questions, if not attended to, will burn for settlement, to the detriment of other important matters of administration. The people will not rest, and the claims of fairplay will not be satisfied till New Cross, and St. Michael's, and the Hulme and Chorlton Wards each return their two members; till the Jews, if so minded, can return their Chief Rabbi for Cheetham, the butchers and betting men send Mr. Mark Price for St. Jones, and the Market Street, Cross Street, and Portland Street districts are represented by a Watts, a Whitworth, and a Slagg.

## WET WEATHER IN WILD WALES.

WE have been fortunate thus far in our spring holiday in the enjoyment of exceedingly bad weather. I say fortunate advisedly, since we would not have wished to miss the excitement and wild joy of yesterday's two hours' railway ride from Corwen to Dolgelly for a week of fine spring days. Still it was a gratification that the skies were clear during our Sunday's stay at Llangollen. The exquisite delights of that charming panorama of hills, seen from the line between Ruabon and our port of destination—the surprise and awe of debarking on a railway platform skirted at its base by the torrent of the rushing Dee, tossing and foaming in its rocky channel—the sweet flavour of the fresh-caught trouts, cunningly broiled by the deft cook at “the Hand”—the evening walk when twilight deepened, and Hesperus, that brings at least an inn to the wanderer, and to the weary rest, shone out in deepening limpid brilliancy—the long study of Disraeli's latest novel by a cosy parlour fire—the quiet simple English morning service at the little Wesleyan Chapel—the afternoon's stroll by the canal bank to Valle Crucis Abbey—all afford remembrances to be treasured. But it was not until our bill at “the Hand” had been settled, and we had parted with the neat-handed Phyllis who there attends upon travellers, with a sense of gratification at the comforts we had enjoyed and the moderation of the bill, that our first realisation of the glories and the grandeur of wild Wales in wet weather—the stormy panorama which compensated for a hundred *desagremens*—begins. Before we reach Corwen the sky is overcast, and the rain is lashing on the panes of the carriage windows. The hill-tops are shrouded in mist, and the pines on their sides loom mysterious and large through a deepening haze, and the rain is seen scudding past almost horizontally like an incessant fusillade. The Dee, by whose tortuous and rocky course the railway still winds, rushes in a swollen torrent beneath our feet, flooding the meadow land along its course over great breadths where it is not confined by precipitous banks. The gale from the southwest, which is blowing over the lake of Bala, piles the waters gathered from a hundred tributaries into a heap at its north-eastern end, and forces their tumbling masses through the narrow outlet of the Dee. Access from the station to the town of Bala is almost cut off. Huge waves, lashed into ocean fury, are dashing across the breakwater on which the road is built, and lashing in sheets over the roadway, drenching the omnibuses as they hurry on at galloping pace. As we pass along the lake we find its pure waters discoloured at every turning by great patches of dirty brown-

E. JAMIESON & Co., FASHIONABLE TAILORS, Real SCOTCH Tweed SUITS from £2,—275, CHAPEL STREET, SALFORD.

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[PRICE ONE PENNY.]

## TWO LESSONS OF THE ELECTION.

NOW that the election is over, and the heat of party fight is past, we lose no opportunity in offering our sympathy to the vanquished. They smart under a real injustice. Having cast a larger vote than sufficed to return two members to Parliament at the general election, their candidate is again left out in the cold. The twenty thousand men and upwards whom they marshalled at the poll would have formed a creditable army corps—a force nearly as large as that which saved the independence of a kingdom at Bannockburn—and the imposing display was made to no end. If their strength could have been split up into centuries, and have been polled in successive weeks at Portarlinton, it would have carried an election once a week for four years continuously. The number of county market towns which exceed 20,000 inhabitants—to say nothing of householders—is comparatively small, and there are none with a constituency of 60,000 which do not return two members. Whichever party casts 25,000 votes at the next general election in Manchester will have obtained a majority of one party vote. The vote of the second Liberal or Tory member, as the case may be, will be neutralised by the action of the minority member of opposite politics. Thus all the machinery of a contested election in the large constituencies of Manchester, Liverpool, Glasgow, and perhaps, by-and-by, Birmingham, will be brought into play for the same result that is obtained in the pocket borough attached to Blenheim, at the fiat of the Duke of Marlborough. A steam plough—representing immense, almost inexhaustible, energy—is employed to do the work that might be, and is, accomplished by a mousetrap. The rankling unfairness that underlies this inequality of representation is only intensified when we consider the diverse interests which hive together and compete in a great city. What is there in common between St. Ann's Ward and St. Michael's, Exchange and New Cross? Probably there are not three persons in either of the city wards who care twopence about Home Rule for Ireland: with a majority of the ratepayers in Rochdale Road and Ancoats it is a question of prime rank. In the nature of things these wide divergencies of opinion and feeling must occur in an immense population. It is, however, an obvious injustice which must more and more exasperate educated politicians, and confuse the issue of elections, that those who are fitted by education, by commercial standing, and by public service, to be the leaders of a constituency, should only be able to lead by knuckling down to the class feelings, or it may be prejudices, or national sentiment or religious heat of mere numbers, who never think of politics or the public advantage except when they are drummed up by excited partisans at an election. By-and-by it may even happen that Manchester may be represented in Parliament by members entirely ignorant of the trade which has made Manchester a city known and respected in every part of the habitable globe. Our complaint is not dictated by Conservative feeling; it is not an arraignment of household suffrage. To retrace our steps is an impossibility; if it were possible it would be a misfortune to be deplored. What is needed is that what has been begun on the basis of equal electoral rights to every ratepayer should be extended on the basis of fairplay. While the merchant and the manufacturer are placed level with their warehousemen and their factory hands, it is a crying unrighteousness that the landowner and the farmer should, in consequence of a restricted franchise in the counties, hold what is practically, as compared with electoral power under a city franchise, a hundred-fold or a fifty-fold vote, and the cottager or farm-labourer possess no vote at all. The questions of which the election

from which we have just emerged principally teach the paramount and pressing necessity, are equalisation of the franchise and a fair redistribution of seats. Mr. Jacob Bright has said that Manchester ought to send twelve members to Parliament. We trust that his influence in St. Stephen's—and he goes there backed by the influence of the strongest vote ever cast in Great Britain for one man—will be used in working for the result which he regards as just and desirable. By-and-by, these questions, if not attended to, will burn for settlement, to the detriment of other important matters of administration. The people will not rest, and the claims of fairplay will not be satisfied till New Cross, and St. Michael's, and the Hulme and Chorlton Wards each return their two members; till the Jews, if so minded, can return their Chief Rabbi for Cheetham, the butchers and betting men send Mr. Mark Price for St. Jones, and the Market Street, Cross Street, and Portland Street districts are represented by a Watts, a Whitworth, and a Slagg.

## WET WEATHER IN WILD WALES.

WE have been fortunate thus far in our spring holiday in the enjoyment of exceedingly bad weather. I say fortunate advisedly, since we would not have wished to miss the excitement and wild joy of yesterday's two hours' railway ride from Corwen to Dolgelly for a week of fine spring days. Still it was a gratification that the skies were clear during our Sunday's stay at Llangollen. The exquisite delights of that charming panorama of hills, seen from the line between Ruabon and our port of destination—the surprise and awe of debarking on a railway platform skirted at its base by the torrent of the rushing Dee, tossing and foaming in its rocky channel—the sweet flavour of the fresh-caught trouts, cunningly broiled by the deft cook at “the Hand”—the evening walk when twilight deepened, and Hesperus, that brings at least an inn to the wanderer, and to the weary rest, shone out in deepening limpid brilliancy—the long study of Disraeli's latest novel by a cosy parlour fire—the quiet simple English morning service at the little Wesleyan Chapel—the afternoon's stroll by the canal bank to Valle Crucis Abbey—all afford remembrances to be treasured. But it was not until our bill at “the Hand” had been settled, and we had parted with the neat-handed Phyllis who there attends upon travellers, with a sense of gratification at the comforts we had enjoyed and the moderation of the bill, that our first realisation of the glories and the grandeur of wild Wales in wet weather—the stormy panorama which compensated for a hundred *desagremens*—begins. Before we reach Corwen the sky is overcast, and the rain is lashing on the panes of the carriage windows. The hill-tops are shrouded in mist, and the pines on their sides loom mysterious and large through a deepening haze, and the rain is seen scudding past almost horizontally like an incessant fusillade. The Dee, by whose tortuous and rocky course the railway still winds, rushes in a swollen torrent beneath our feet, flooding the meadow land along its course over great breadths where it is not confined by precipitous banks. The gale from the southwest, which is flowing over the lake of Bala, piles the waters gathered from a hundred tributaries into a heap at its north-eastern end, and forces their tumbling masses through the narrow outlet of the Dee. Access from the station to the town of Bala is almost cut off. Huge waves, lashed into ocean fury, are dashing across the breakwater on which the road is built, and lashing in sheets over the roadway, drenching the omnibuses as they hurry on at galloping pace. As we pass along the lake we find its pure waters discoloured at every turning by great patches of dirty brown.

E. JAMIESON & Co., FASHIONABLE TAILORS, Real SCOTCH Tweed SUITS from £2,—275, CHAPEL STREET, SALFORD.

which mark the fall into its sides of turbid mountain streams. Bala passed, the storm grows, if possible, wilder. The near hill-sides are scarcely visible, or visible only in shadowy outline—hidden by a veil of driving rain. Their sides are flecked with foaming torrents, which seem to leap out of the mist, and, after a brief, headlong career, toss themselves into the surging waters of the main channel beneath. It is like the gathering of a Highland mist. The tributaries hurry in from glen and covey, momentarily and at every step swelling the volume of the irregular, rugged force, that is rushing with reckless, headlong speed, to a furious onset. Sometimes for miles the railway seems to overhang a stretch of seething, foaming waters, struggling for precedence with tumultuous rage. The rush and roar of the far-spreading torrent are heard like the noise of a cataract above the howling of the blast and the whirl of the express train. There is something contagious in the speed, the unpent force, the impetuosity, the headlong swish of the contending waters. A rock in the centre of the stream is overtopped with a cloud of spray—what was erst a pretty fall of three or four feet, is now marked by a mere undulation in a foaming pot. The pulse beats high at the excited scene, which begets in one almost that desire for community which made Byron sigh, in an Alpine thunderstorm, to be "a portion of the tempest." The brooks at the watershed, fed by a hundred cascades, spring with magic suddenness into tearing rapids, and in a few minutes, before we reach Dolgelly, the united waters fill the valley with an impetuous current as wide as the Thames at Westminster Bridge. A mad attempt to ascend the torrent wall in this furious tumult of the elements was speedily baffled, and while my drenched upper garments are slowly steaming before a comfortable fire in the coffee-room of the "Ship," I indite this hurried description of one of the keenest joys that man can feel—the spectacle of a storm in the mountains, among the floods.

#### THE REPRESENTATION OF MANCHESTER.

**P**ERHAPS the best way of taking defeat is to frankly acknowledge oneself beaten. Our esteemed but Conservative contemporary, the *Manchester Courier*, adopted this course on Friday last, and, in order that friends and opponents might equally own to its tact and humility, gave its acknowledgment a conspicuous position on the contents bill as under:

THE MANCHESTER ELECTION;  
RESULT OF THE POLLING;  
GREAT FAILURE IN MANCHESTER.

#### AFTER THE BATTLE.

**N**OW that the election is over, the question of finance has cropped up. As is well known, the Liberal party never allow their candidate to subscribe towards the election, except as a member of the party. On this occasion Mr. Jacob Bright sent a handsome subscription to his committee, but, to their honour be it said, the money was returned, and it is said that double the amount required has been already promised. Mr. Tom Ashton, as usual, heads the list with £500, "and more if required," and this is followed by all the magnates of the Liberal party, including Sir Elkanah Armitage, Mr. R. N. Philips, the Messrs. Agnew, Mr. Crompton Potter, Mr. Robert Leake, and Sir Joseph Whitworth. It must not be thought, however, that the rank and file of the party have not done their duty, for subscriptions from £100 down to £1 have come pouring in.

With the Tory party the reverse is the case. Poor Mr. Powell has been bled to the extent of £1,500, but he won't give one cent more—nor is it reasonable that he should. Mr. Birley, M.P., Mr. Harcastle, M.P., and some two or three others, give £100 each; one well-known merchant gave £50, but after great pressure made it £100. Mr. Richard Haworth gave £25 for the honour of mixing on easy terms for one short fortnight with several Churchmen who did not drop their "H's," but on being told that his subscription showed a want of appreciation of the honour done him, he

magnanimously made it £50. In all, the Tories have raised £3,000, but where is the other £6,000 to come from? More than one County Court action have testified to the slowness of the Tories in paying up in time gone past; but from present appearances, it will take several County Courts to get them to pay in full. If the party would only pay in to the treasurer all the bets they have won, there would be a speedy solution of the difficulty. Meanwhile we humbly entreat the creditors not to be too importunate, because Canon Bardeley has promised to put subscription boxes in all the church schoolrooms, and Mr. Deakin means to try what can be done for the Tories in the vaults.

#### MISS BECKER ON UNIVERSAL SUFFRAGE.



(Miss Becker last week presided at a meeting on this question.)

**C**OME listen to me and I'll tell you the way,  
My sisters, by which you may gain  
A certain assurance of winning the day,  
As now I'll proceed to explain.  
Our plan was at first not exhaustive enough,  
But now the whole hog we must go,  
My leggings I'll wager against an old muff,  
We'll succeed if we only do so.

For ourselves we not only the suffrage will beg,  
But for all human beings as well;  
And so our opponents will not have a leg  
To support them, our efforts to quell.  
Our Jacob has now in the House got a seat,  
And is able his views to express,  
And he, as is known, is quite ready to meet  
Our opponents, and get us redress.

So now, to make sure, our new tactics shall be  
The same as I've stated above;  
If he didn't support us for interest, he  
I am certain would do it for love.  
So first universal the suffrage we'll make,  
By the aid of our Jacob, and then  
The task will be simple, for then we must take  
The suffrage away from the men.

#### THE PUZZLE OF LAW.

**F**OR leaving his wife and children chargeable to the Salford Board of Guardians, George Warrington was this week sentenced at the Sessions to be flogged. What do the people who cry out about the brutalising effect of the "cat" say to this? If the culprit had half killed his wife by kicking or other brutal violence, he would not have been liable to be flogged, but would probably have got off with a few weeks' imprisonment. We must confess to bewilderment at this state of things. When Sir J. I. Mantell said the other day that he could have sent a man to be flogged for the offence of having no roof under which to lay his head, scarce anyone believed the assertion, which, if we remember rightly, was contradicted by the Press. After reading the case on which we comment, it occurs to us that Sir John was probably right after all, and that a brutal and degrading punishment may lawfully be inflicted in all cases, except that in which it would be most justified. It is a more serious offence in the eye of the law, apparently, to kick a woman than to leave her alone. Bearing in mind the tender lingerings of legislation in the matter of dastardly crimes, and the sickly sentiment and firework twaddle with which such feeble efforts have been met, it is singular



enough that some over-humane persons should not, as yet, have got up an agitation for the abolition of flogging for wife desertion. Perhaps the Legislature views the matter with an eye to pounds, shillings, and pence. The man who leaves his family chargeable to others is doubtless an expense to somebody; but he can amuse himself at the expense of his wife's shins or skull for a long time, and cost no other person a farthing. Still, it seems rather hard on George Warrington, that he should be flogged for putting it out of his own power to do that for which he cannot be flogged. We recommend the consideration of this pretty little legal puzzle to social reformers.

### THE EARLY SPRING.

[BY A NOVICE.]

**I** ALWAYS greet the early spring  
With rapturous approval;  
I'm like the birds with joy who sing  
At frost and snow's removal.  
And as I stroll  
In lanes, my soul  
Is full of joy  
Without alloy.

I like to watch the springing wheat  
Among the furrows peeping,  
Which now, in spite of rain and sleet,  
The spring has woke from sleeping.  
So I am fain  
To watch that grain,  
Which shoots, while I  
Am far from dry.

I like to hear the hoarse response  
Of rook to rook with clamour,  
Among the boughs, and for the nonce  
I feel a sort of glamour.  
My soul enjoys  
The windy noise  
Of rooks and crows,  
Although it snows.

I know of nothing nicer than  
To listen to the twitter  
Of pairing birds, it makes a man  
Forget the breezes bitter.  
Although I rail  
Against the hail,  
I on the whole  
Enjoy my stroll.

For primrose I cannot express  
My love, nor yet for daisy;  
But then I'm old, and must confess  
That I am getting lazy.  
I cannot greet  
With joy that sleet,  
And never fail  
To curse that hail.

I like to write this sort of ode,  
Of which you have a sample;  
It is to me a pleasant mode  
Of setting an example  
To those who stay  
At home all day,  
And don't repair  
To take fresh air.

### THE NEW CREATION.

**S**INCE the days of old, when man walked upright among the inferior animals, there has never been such a prospect of a new Creation as that which now opens up before us. Manchester and Salford are to be born again, and in their second life they shall possess all the beauties of the most perfect cities of the poet's Utopia. In one of the most obscure parliaments resides an aged man, who dreams dreams and sees visions, and we have received the following all-important communication from him on the subject:—

PHENIPOLIS.

In the year 1877, a great disaster shall, for a time, shed a fearful feeling throughout the land, and people shall speak with 'bated breath. Man-

chester and Salford shall be reduced to a heap of smoking ashes, and not a house shall be left standing within their boundaries. Since London itself sank beneath the Fire-king, no such dire calamity shall be recorded. But they shall rise again from their ashes, and, like the Phoenix of fable, shall enter on a more perfect existence. Phenipolis shall the new city be called, and in it shall be found the following beauties:—

A pure and pellucid river, stocked with fishes innumerable, shall meander through its midst; its banks lined with villas, and pleasure-boats of every form skimming over its surface.

Canals, of breadth sufficient to accommodate ocean steamers, shall form water-ways through the city.

Factories, from which no smoke rises, shall stud the northern pasture, and busy spindles and the clang of machinery shall make glad the hearts of men. Steam shall be generated without poison fumes of coal darkening the air.

A Town Hall shall exist which cost only £100,000.

An Exchange shall rear its beautiful structure where men may admire its beauty.

Special laws shall be made in regard to dumb animals, and bulls and bears shall not be admitted on 'change.

The Town Clerk shall not be Mayor, but a paid official.

No street shall be more than three and a quarter inches deep in mud in mild weather, and six inches in winter.

Cabmen shall be paid by the State, and omnibuses shall be abolished.

Hotels shall be free to *bonâ fide* travellers, and shall keep open all night.

Police-men shall be confined to the suburbs, and no officer shall be permitted to court more than three cooks, two housemaids, and a "slavery" at one and the same time.

Paupers in the workhouse shall be fed like thieves in gaol, and *vice versa*.

Municipal elections shall take place once in ten years. Members of Parliament shall be elected by the Police Force, the School Board, and the Scavenging Committee.—N.B. No candidate will be allowed to spend more than £4,000 in fees to the members of these bodies.

No one shall be allowed to get intoxicated between the hours of eight a.m. and twelve noon—except on business.

Evening papers shall not be published until six p.m.

The *City Jackdaw* shall be issued daily, and every person over sixteen shall be compelled, under heavy penalties, to read it at his own expense.

Thus shall the city be ruled, and thus shall it increase and prosper until Phenipolis becomes the wonder of the whole earth. *Walker!*

### ANALYSIS OF THE VOTING LAST WEEK.

**W**E are enabled, being an independent paper, to publish the following particulars of the polling, which our contemporaries, for obvious reasons, shrink from giving. Fourteen Home Rulers voted for Mr. F. S. Powell, and one hundred and twenty more pledged themselves to vote for him, and voted the other way. Three independent voters who were pledged to vote for Mr. Jacob Bright told their wives they had done so, and abstained from voting altogether. It may be recorded as a strange coincidence that a great many Licensed Victuallers were present at the Waterloo Cup meeting, and also recorded their votes. Of the twenty thousand persons who abstained from voting, 19,999 were abstainers; the other didn't know he had a vote. The teetotallers voted to a man with one or other of the candidates. The chimney sweeps voted for Mr. Powell, in consequence of the sweeping charges made against Mr. Jacob Bright as an employer of labour. The High Churchmen for the most part remained neutral, as they objected to putting a cross against the name of either candidate. The butchers agreed to toss up, as both candidates went in for cheap meat. All the gravediggers voted on the Conservative side, as they object to Mr. Bright's views about Dissenters. Several Dissenters voted for Mr. Powell, on the ground that they objected to the possibility of being buried by the side of Churchmen by accident. On the whole we have revealed quite enough to account for the result of the polling.



#### WHAT FOLKS ARE SAYING.

THAT Mr. Maclure, after Mr. Powell's defeat, telegraphed to Horsham, to ask the Conservatives there to adopt Mr. Powell as a candidate.

That the question was sent back, "Is Mr. Powell's adhesion to Home Rule real or sham?"

That an Irish Home Ruler, who heard of the Conservative defeat, remarked that it was ap-Powell-ing.

That the Conservatives are going to mortgage their principles, to raise money to pay interest on the cost of the election.

That Mr. Jacob Bright, on the night of the election, played a splendid game of billiards at the Reform Club, and, true to his political creed, scored heavily off the red.

That his friends never allowed him to put his hand in a pocket.

That he kept on the spot until the majority was known.

That, but for many of the publicans being at the Waterloo Cup meeting, the Conservatives would have won the election.

That that accounted for the publicans hic-cuping so much at night when they got back.

That the Dean, if he'd had a vote, would have voted for Jacob Bright to spite the tagrag and bobtail of Hulme. Teare me! observed a Welshman.

That the Bishop (three cheers for him) would have brought the roof off at the news of the victory, but that his ske-attic-eh kept him on the ground floor.

That the bell-ringers at the Cathedral would have rung the bells when Jacob got in, but something was the matter with the triple bob (3s.) major.

That a Conservative elector, on finding money was put in his hand by an agent, quoted Dickens most feelingly, "When found, make a (£5) note of it."

That a patent has been taken out for turning American and Dutch oysters into natives.

That the principal object of the patent is to make the public shell out.

That an old gentleman who stutters—not Dan Lee's friend—says it's all accounted for by the b—b—oyster—ous character of the weather.

That the painters' strike is a sign of the times.

That both masters and men are laying on the abuse—thick.

That Miss Becker doesn't seem to be much Empressed with the Queen's new title.

#### MANCHESTER ASSURANCE.

WHEN, about once a fortnight, we find something to agree with in the columns of the *Manchester Courier*, it gives us much pleasure to say so. We do, as well as the *Courier*, most entirely detest the snobbery underlying the short advertisement which appeared in the *Examiner and Times* after the nomination, in which the names of Mr. Powell's proposer and seconder were paraded as "insurance agents," as against the proposer and seconder of Mr. Jacob Bright, who were described as merchants, perhaps, or engineers. Mr. Thomas Ashton, we venture to say, would have as much commanded the respect of honest and reasonable men, for his public works' sake, had he stood all his life behind a counter and sold halfpenny dips, instead of being the owner of extensive mills at Hyde; and as for the other gentleman, who seconded the nomination, and who has rendered the State no political service that we know of, we are not sufficiently educated in snobbery to see that the use of his name lent to Mr. Bright's name any weight. We are prepared to expect, and even to tolerate, any folly at the hands of a Conservative; but a Radical snob—and there are too many of them about the Reform Club—is a contemptible and intolerable abortion. Mr. Maclure's honest indignation at the silly and petty personality we have described entirely deserves sympathy. We are satisfied that the only reason why the name of Mr. Maclure and Mr. Rose should have stood first on Mr. Powell's nomination paper was their desire to make assurance doubly sure; but the event proved that, with all their powers of assurance, they could not combined insure their candidate against defeat. A limited liability company, having this for its object, is being formed against next vacancy for Manchester, with Dr. Royle as consulting physician.

#### VOICES OF THE NIGHT—OF THE ELECTION.

##### I.

HIS hair streamed in the wind, and the pelting rain beat into his face with unceasing and merciless aim. He had money in his pocket, yet, coward at heart, he dared not venture into the well-lit and warm hotels whose doors invited him to enter. He fled up Market Street and passed the Infirmary; and once he hesitated in front of a policeman as if he meditated giving himself up to justice. But no, he thought better of it. Standing in front of Wellington's monument he broke the stillness of the night. "Oh, thou warrior and statesman, would that thy genius had put a stop to the extension of the Reform Act of 1832, and then, and then, I might have been stainless in my reputation. Oh, how like a felon I feel. Men who stand in dead men's shoes ought to have no conscience." And so he disappeared. "Poor devil," said a policeman of Tory principles, who had been standing behind Wellington. "I know him well. He has only personated his late grandfather."

##### II.

"Send for Dr. Royle," said the trembling wife, and the doctor was sent for. On his arrival, what a scene presented itself! The patient was a strong, vigorous man (with an apoplectic tendency)—possibly of forty summers, jolly, round-faced, and handsome, and there he lay on the couch, laughing wildly, with the tears streaming down his cheeks. "Has he voted right?" says the doctor. "To be sure he has," replied the wife; "I told him to vote blue, and he knew what he'd catch if he didn't." "Did you mark your paper right?" inquired the doctor, feeling the excited patient's pulse—and here the patient gasped "Cer—tain—ly I did, my b—o—o—y; I put a cross opposite Powell's name;" and here another explosion of laughter nearly put an end to the patient's life—but what seemed strange, though at the risk of strangulation, he seemed to enjoy it—"I did as I was told by missus," and here he gasped again, and his roars of laughter might have been heard a mile off. Dr. Royle was suddenly called away, and he sent his assistant in his place, who happened to be a Radical. "Bless me!" said the Radical assistant to the patient, during a short absence of his wife, "What on

PRETTY PRESENTS FOR VALENTINES AT KENNETH'S, 85, MARKET STREET, 85.

earth is the matter with you?" and the patient whispered something in his ear. When the wife returned the assistant was as wild as his patient, and roared with laughter, and, which was still stranger, shook hands with him so vigorously that the wife, on her return, thought both were mad. The assistant shortly afterwards left, and an entry is recorded in his diary as follows: "John Brown excitedly intoxicated, marked his ballot paper, as he was told by his missus, in favour of Powell, but didn't put the paper in the ballot box."

### CHARGE OF THE BLUE BRIGADE.

(Considerably after Tennyson.)

**M**ANY a league, many a league,  
Many a league onward,  
Many a queer intrigue  
To win by the hundred.  
Came he from Wigan town,  
Came he with Cambridge gown,  
Came he from Yorkshire down  
To break seventeen hundred.  
"Forward the blue brigade;"  
None seemed to feel dismayed,  
Though they had been betrayed,  
Because he had blundered.  
Theirs not to make reply,  
Theirs not to reason why,  
Theirs not majority  
Of o'er seventeen hundred.  
Placards to right of them,  
Placards to left of them,  
Placards in front of them  
Volleyed and thundered.  
Stormed at by one Maclure,  
Nobly they did endure,  
None more than Powell truer  
To squash seventeen hundred.  
National Church was his,  
Sewage reform his bis',  
Many another fizz  
Labelled and numbered.  
Powell's the man for you,  
Never again you'll rue,  
If you but vote true blue,  
And win seventeen hundred.  
Confound those politics,  
Confound those Liberal tricks,  
Confound those Home Rule "bricks"  
Which have us sundered.  
O could we but have known  
Powell would thus depone,  
This Irish question own,  
Adieu! seventeen hundred.  
But when we try again  
Another coup de main  
We'll better know our man,  
All the town wondered.  
Drifting we know not where,  
O, why did he not repair  
His cottages so bad out there?  
Alas! seventeen hundred.  
When shall Bright's glory fade,  
Not perhaps the next decade,  
O! we've been badly played,  
Ruined and outnumbered.  
Let us have courage still,  
Last innings gave no fill,  
Patience we'll have until  
We win with seventeen hundred.

### THE THREE TORY JEWS.

**M**R. MACLURE "personally conducted" all the Tory Jews in a cab to vote for Mr. Powell. Mr. Henry Samson voted for Mr. Powell because he did not want to be mistaken for a tailor from Cheat'em Hill, who will not work on Saturday. Mr. James Samuels, who has been baptised, and who has just been made a churchwarden in spite of his nose, zinks that Mr. Bright is not a Christian! Mr. A. A. Henriques is an Englishman, you know, and not von of your d— foreign Jews.

### WAITER!

SCENE.—The Reform Club, night of the election. Hundreds of thirsty members unable to get served.

*Irritable County Member.* Well, this is atrocious. [Rings the bell violently.]

*Well-known Member [with a waggish turn].* Go it old un. Here come four waiters all in a bunch.

*Irritable County Member.* I say, waiters, come here; you ninecompoops, why on earth don't you answer the bell?

[The rest may be imagined; the four persons addressed being swell members of the club, who were attired in dress suits and white chokers, and had just peeped in on their way from Hallé's concert to hear the result of the election.]

### STOP HIM!



**M**R. J. W. MACLURE has at last jumped out of the frying-pan into the fire. Owing to his advice Mr. Powell adopted the Home Rule policy, and owing to the adoption of that policy, at least so says the *Standard*, Mr. Powell lost the election. Ergo: Mr. Maclure is responsible to the Conservatives for Mr. Powell's defeat. But Mr. Maclure won't swallow this charge complacently: he protests against this assumption of the *Standard*—though everybody on his own side admits its justice—and not content with protesting against the *Standard* having an opinion of its own, he turns round on the *Courier*, and gives it a back-hand blow too. The last blow breaks the camel's back. The *Courier* of Wednesday lets out, and calls Mr. Maclure to book. Mr. Maclure hasn't, as a matter of course, a leg to stand upon. No paper ever more zealously stood up for a political candidate than the *Courier*; and why Mr. Maclure should have struck out at his best friend it is difficult to surmise. At any rate, we are bound to say, speaking independently, that Mr. Maclure attached the tin pan of Home Rule to his candidate's tail, and if he's afraid of the noise it makes, he'd better try and take it off.

### TRIFLES.

"What's in a name?" as a personator said at the election when he voted for the tenth time.

"Give a dog a bad name and he'll stick to it," as Mr. Powell said when he left Manchester.

"I'd rather be a dog and bay the moon, as such a rum un," as Mr. R. T. Walker said when he heard Councillor Brown quote Shakspeare at the Home Rule meeting.

### MR. MACLURE'S INVOCATION.

"There's nothing original in the world."

ARTEMUS WARD ON THE AMERICAN MR. J. W. MACLURE ON THE MANCHESTER ELECTION.  
CIVIL WAR.

I would sakrifas my wife's brothers  
and awl her able-bodied mail rela-  
shuns rather than not see the  
rebellyun krusht.

I hope that every child I have  
will be dead this day twelve months  
if I engaged any person to personate  
or allowed any member of the Con-  
servative party to do so.

ELEGANT AND USEFUL VALENTINES AT KENNETH'S, 85, MARKET STREET, 85.



## THE DISCOMFITURE OF THE LICENSED VICTUALLERS.

THE "trade," after mature deliberation, met last week and determined that they would send a Conservative to Parliament. This is what actually took place; and if we rejoiced at Mr. Jacob Bright's election for no other reason, we should do it for this, that the arrogant, but as yet shortlived tradition of the omnipotence of the liquor traffic has received a rude shock. Doubtless many a Boniface is yet scratching his noddle, and wondering how it can have come to pass. We are not of those who see nought but evil in the sale of vinous and spirituous liquors; the traffic is doubtless on the whole a useful and certainly a necessary one, but when the claim for it is impudently made that it can and will override the destinies of a great constituency and of the nation, we rejoice to see pride have a fall, and have little sympathy with it when down. It is not in us to sympathise with a Host, however jolly, who finds suddenly that other matters are held more important to the nation than the time of opening or closing the house wherein he dispenses what often makes men and women mad. We object to the notion that either Liberalism or Conservatism should be rightly described as riding like Bacchus on a cask, and therefore we greet heartily the great and doubtless mortifying discomfiture of the licensed victuallers as an exceedingly healthy symptom. A fortnight, or any longer time ago, these gentry boasted, and most people believed them, that their weight could carry the election. Alas! how are the mighty fallen! In spite of eloquent appeals on the walls, in spite of processions of beer barrels with holy and constitutional maxims engraved on banners, a heavy blow and great discouragement has fallen on the publicans; the incongruous alliance between XXX and Cross has not availed to waft the chosen one to the desired haven, and the Champion of infidelity and temperance has thoroughly distanced the Apostle of Sunday beer and bible teaching. We believe, and shall wait anxiously for confirmation of the belief, that the boasted strength of the publicans has lain chiefly in the fact that people have believed their boastings; have believed hopelessly that beer is all in all in these realms, and has all other interests at its mercy. This monstrous figment has been completely upset by the late election, and if the effect will be to weaken the hands of the drink-sellers and the hopes of those who believe in their power, then indeed a stain will have been removed from the national character.

## THEATRICALS.

THAT the Theatre Royal has fully re-established its reputation, through the excellence of the pantomime, is not altogether for us a matter of congratulation. We have no great love for modern pantomime, even when it is, as in this case, skilfully produced and no money spared in the production. Having shown what it can do in this direction, could not the Theatre Royal favour us, next Christmas, with a real example of the genuine old English pantomime? In throwing out this suggestion we are aware of the difficulties besetting its adoption. We know that the public have been educated into a liking for legs and gleaming colours, rather than simple fun and frolic, but, at the same time, there is within us a shrewd suspicion that a well-managed attempt to lead the public taste back into legitimate channels would be successful. There seems to be no reason why people should not go in crowds, next Christmas, to see a pantomime which shall begin and end as pantomimes ought to begin and end, in which some of the ingenuity and money expended shall be spent on comicalities. It would be unfair to say that there are not many funny incidents in the present pantomime, but they are dragged in, as is the fashion, in an incongruous manner. The true fun of pantomime should flow with the stream of the performance, neither obstructing its course nor ruffling its surface. There must be many of the profession alive who will understand what we mean. The veteran Mr. John Rouse, for instance, will do so, whose admirable comic singing we remember, on the Bath stage, nearly twenty years ago, and whose abilities in that direction seem to have suffered nothing by years.

The pantomime at the Prince's, which certainly deserves some of the puffing which it gets from somewhat obsequious critics, holds the boards for a short time longer, when its place is to be taken by a very good programme, as also will be the case at the Royal when the pantomime is withdrawn.

Mr. Edmonds, at the Queen's, is doing his best to cater for popular audiences, and the engagement of Mr. Joseph Eldred is sure to be hailed with satisfaction by a large class of playgoers. Mr. Eldred's versatility and comic powers never fail to be appreciated, and he always receives a hearty welcome in Manchester.

## THE OLD FOGIE IN AUSTRALIA.

## MAKING A DAMPER.

I WILL tell you now the method,  
If you'll give me your attention,  
Which is usually adopted  
In the making of a damper—  
In the simple manufacture  
Of the sort of bread that's eaten,  
In default of any other,  
In the region which is mentioned  
At the heading of these verses.  
Now, to make it interesting,  
I must take the tale and tell it  
In my own peculiar fashion—  
In the rambling sort of manner  
Fitting best an individual  
(To myself I am alluding)  
Who must own himself erratic.

I was once with my companions,  
Whom I previously have mentioned,  
Living far up in the Bushland,  
Looking after sheep and cattle;  
And we used to take our cooking,  
By the custom of those regions,  
Each in turn—in common language,  
Week and week about we took it;  
And I may remark in passing:  
Just in passing I will tell you,  
Never such a lot of bad cooks  
On the surface of this planet  
Took by turns their spell of cooking.  
If you ask which was the worst one,  
All the rest would say that I was.  
But when I was not engaged in  
Culinary operations,  
Rudely I retorted on them,  
All the scorn and all the insults  
Which they heaped on my performance.

"What is this that you have made us?"  
Said the Hypochondriac, in  
Playful though sarcastic accents,  
Eyeing with disdain the damper  
Which had cost me so much trouble  
In the making, while the others  
Had been lounging in the Bushland—  
Lounging in the noon-day shadows  
Where the sheep were, hot and lazy,  
Clustering in shady places;  
And so hot and lazy were they,  
Not a bleat was heard among them.  
"What is this that you have made us?"  
Said the discontented Novice,  
When the lounging day was over,  
And the sudden disappearance  
Of the sun had brought the darkness,  
And the time for taking supper.

"What is this?" said Nature's Lover.  
"Do you really mean to tell us  
That the curious production  
Which I now behold before me,  
Hard and heavy, dark and lumpy,  
Can be fit for our consumption?  
You shall be our cook no longer."  
And the others joined in chorus.  
Now my soul was vexed within me,  
When I thought of all the trouble  
I had spent upon the mixing  
And the baking of that damper.  
How I went and stripped a sheet of

Bark from a convenient gum tree,  
 Rough on one side, on the other  
 Smooth, and clean, and white, and shining,  
 Where its surface met the timber;  
 How I mixed the dough upon it,  
 Mingling the flour and water  
 In my own untutored fashion—  
 Not without considerable  
 Waste, I may remark in passing,  
 For one art of making dampers,  
 I may mention, I may tell you,  
 Is to keep the paste from sticking  
 To the bark, and being wasted—  
 An occurrence which will happen  
 If you once allow the water  
 To meander on the surface  
 Of the piece of bark I've mentioned.  
 You require to be judicious  
 In the pouring of that water,  
 And should manage so to pour it,  
 As to let the flour absorb it  
 Drop by drop as you are kneading.  
 Next I could not but remember  
 How I kneaded that same damper,  
 At the which these good folks grumbled,  
 Into shape and firm consistence—  
 Nearly broke my back with kneading,  
 And for hours was stiff with stooping.  
 How I proudly made the fire up,  
 Made it burn until the ashes  
 In a great and glowing heap were;  
 And I took that cake or damper,  
 Crude as yet, and undeveloped,  
 And among the ashes placed it  
 In a cavity expressly  
 Made by me for its reception,  
 With a shovel that we happened  
 For that purpose to have by us.  
 Then I heaped the cinders on it,  
 Not forgetting first to sprinkle  
 Over it some cold white ashes,  
 Just in order that it might not  
 Be consumed instead of baking—  
 An event that sometimes happens  
 To an inexperienced baker—  
 Then I went and smoked my pipe for  
 Half an hour or so, and smoked it—  
 To my pipe I am alluding—  
 With a soothing satisfaction,  
 For my work was nearly over.  
 At which half-hour's expiration  
 Once again I took the shovel,  
 And I dug among the ashes  
 Till that damper I discovered;  
 With my pipe I tapped the surface  
 Just to see if it was ready.  
 If the sound emitted gave me  
 Satisfaction upon this point,  
 I removed it on the shovel,  
 Fearing yet to burn my fingers.  
 And I took a bough of some sort,  
 Choosing it from any shrub which  
 Lots of leaves had got upon it,  
 And I used it for a duster  
 To remove superfluous ashes.  
 Thus the cooking was completed—  
 Most laboriously finished—  
 Of the food, which my companions  
 Chose to make such rude remarks on.  
 But I noticed that they ate it  
 (Grumbling all the time), devoured it.  
 Several pounds of it were eaten  
 Ere the evening meal was ended,  
 And the pipes and yarns succeeded  
 By the fire, and the mosquitoes  
 Came in hideous clouds to plague us,  
 Undeterred by fires of cow-dung.  
 And I may say in conclusion  
 That the Hypochondriac ate  
 More than any of the rest did,  
 And was not at all the worse for  
 Eating what he had abused so;  
 For in those times, I may tell you,  
 He was not a doleful poet,  
 And had not the least idea  
 What was meant by indigestion.

## A HOUSE OF COMMONS EPISODE.

SCENE.—*The Lobby of the House of Commons, the night of the Manchester Election. Mr. DISRAELI walking on one side of the Lobby, and Mr. JOHN BRIGHT on the other. After a time they meet.*

*Mr. Bright.* I say, Ben, old fellow, have you heard anything from Manchester?

*Mr. Disraeli.* Well, I had a short telegram a few hours ago from Sir Joseph Heron.

*Mr. Bright.* And what does he say?

*Mr. Disraeli.* Oh, that Mr. Powell was in—the Conservative Club. Have you heard anything?

*Mr. Bright.* Oh yes. I heard from Philips at six o'clock, and he said that Jacob was snugly at the head of —

*Mr. Disraeli.* The dence he did!

*Mr. Bright.* At the head of King Street.

*Mr. Disraeli.* Ah, John, you're awfully fond of a joke still. But upon my word I am dreadfully excited over this election.

*Mr. Bright.* Well, what are you game to bet?

*Mr. Disraeli.* I'll bet the next bit of patronage I've got against a guinea new hat.

*Mr. Bright.* Done. You must have a broad brim'd one.

*Mr. Disraeli.* Oh, hang that!

*Mr. Bright.* Well, it doesn't matter much. Let's go and have a game at billiards.

*Mr. Disraeli.* All right. I say, John, by the way, why is Powell like Roberts the billiard champion?

*Mr. Bright.* I give it up.

*Mr. Disraeli.* Because he always tries to gain a victory through a run on the pockets. Hallo, here's a telegram for me! Three cheers for Conservatism! [*Reads.*] "Hugh Birley to Benjamin Disraeli. Powell in by many thousands. Great excitement. Jacob has taken the last train to Rochdale."

*Mr. Bright.* I don't believe a word of it.

*Mr. Disraeli.* Why not?

*Mr. Bright.* Because only ten minutes before I met you Jacob telegraphed to me to put as much money on as I could for him, so I put on a tenner with Cross, a monkey with Hunt, and I took five to one against Jacob with Old Canterbury.

*Mr. Disraeli.* Then, John, I'd advise you to hedge.

*Mr. Bright.* Not I. Hallo, what's that cheering in the House?

*Mr. Disraeli.* Why, I am bless'd if the Speaker hasn't mounted his chair, and is giving out something. What's that, Serjeant-at-Arms?

*Serjeant-at-Arms.* Telegram from Manchester; Speaker says Bright in by immense majority.

*Mr. Disraeli.* Come on, John, let's drown our cares, I mean our joys, that we at any rate have missed being talked to death by Powell.

[*Exit, arm-in-arm.*]

## SWEAR NOT AT ALL—AT BOLTON.

TRUE civilisation seems to be progressing in Bolton at a rate which neighbouring towns must envy. At an inquest, the other day, a barber, named Melling, objected either to take an oath or to make any affirmation at all. A Quaker, whose name, somewhat singularly, was Abbot, vigorously backed up the barber in his resolve; and, notwithstanding the Coroner asserted it was a glorious thing to take an oath, and that Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob had frequently set us the example, the barber was allowed to sit on the jury, on giving a promise that he would bring in a true verdict. Unquestionably the barber might be said to have bearded the lion in his den. It remains to be seen whether this example will be adopted elsewhere. It might be adopted at the Manchester City Coroner's Court with great advantage, and would certainly add both to the peace of the Coroner and the juries he generally sits upon—we mean the juries who generally sit on the bodies of the unfortunates into the cause of whose decease it is the Coroner's duty to investigate.

## THE "COURIER'S" PRINTER'S DEVIL.

OF all the imps of mischief that ever existed, the palm for devilment must certainly be accorded to the printer's devil at the *Courier*. Keep him out of mischief they cannot, and he no sooner gets out of one scrape than he is into another. Only a few days ago, the *Courier* had to write a special leader to explain that he was "the active member of the staff" who had the audacity to hiss Mr. J. W. Maclure when he first propounded the borough franchise rate-paying scheme. Now the P. D. has got the *Courier* into another mess, and has forged the signature of no less a dignitary than the Dean of Manchester. The remark is but obvious that the P. D. must be a very clever forger, or else the Dean's signature rarely finds its way to the *Courier*. No doubt we will hear of the P. D. again.

## THE BATTLE OF THE POLLING BOOTHS.

[BY THE SHADE OF MACAULAY.]

Now glory to the Liberal host, who for progression fight,  
And glory to our new M.P., good, honest Jacob Bright;  
Now let there be a hearty burst of triumph and applause,  
From those who've worked with heart and will in our great Liberal cause:  
And thou, our noble Manchester, proud city of the north,  
As "greatest Liberal borough" now again stand boldly forth;  
Though thou wert fickle in our ills, be joyous in our joy,  
For faint and sore cast down is he who wrought thy walls annoy.  
Hurrah! Hurrah! this glorious fight hath turned the chance of war;  
Hurrah! Hurrah! for Jacob Bright, and once again hurrah!

Bold Leake has ably marshalled us, for volunteers has pressed,  
And roused enthusiasm's fire in many an honest breast;  
He looked on his opponents with a glance serene and high,  
He looked upon his canvassers, and pride was in his eye:  
Right hopefully he smiled on us, as rolled from wing to wing,  
Throughout our ranks a deafening shout, "This day shall Jacob win!"  
And if you feel your courage fail (as fail full well it may,  
For never saw I promise yet of such a desperate fray),  
Press where you see me leading you—work manfully for Bright,  
And be your watchword through the day—"May God defend the right!"

Hurrah! the strife's commencing, hark to the mingled din  
Of horse, and cab, and canvassers, and voters rushing in!  
Here crowd the Licensed Victuallers, and there Permissive men,  
And Catholics, and Wesleyans, and zealous Orangemen.  
Now by your hopes of victory, upholders of the right,  
Press forward to the polling booths, vote as one man for Bright!  
A thousand feet are trampling on, the polling booths their quest,  
A thousand voters pouring in give ballot-clerks no rest;  
And in they burst, and on they rush, until the poll is done,  
The votes declared and counted up, the hard-fought fight is won.

Ho! burgesses of Stalybridge, ho! men of Wigan town,  
Your oft-rejected candidate again is overthrown.  
Oh, find some place in charity, where Powell may retreat,  
And by his specious promises at last obtain a seat.  
Ho! all true-hearted Liberals, your prospects now look bright,  
The victory you win to-day proclaims that right is might:  
For Bright will keep his promises—our Bright protect the slave,  
And in Improvement's cause he'll prove consistent, just, and brave.  
Then glory to the Liberals, who for progression fight,  
And glory to our new M.P., good, honest Jacob Bright.

## THE POPE OF BURY.

IT is possible that few people out of Bury have heard of this personage. We propose to make him famous. His name is Hornby; he is commonly called by the title of "Reverend," and lives at the Bury Rectory, where he issues his manifestoes. Some of these, with other matter having reference thereto, have recently been published in the *Bury Guardian*. From the publication alluded to, it is gathered that a clergyman, a member of the English Church Union, the Rev. F. O. Marshall by name, had the audacity to advertise his purpose of delivering a lecture at the Athenæum, on "the Principles of the Reformation." The secretary of that excellent institution, with a view to obtaining as large and respectable a gathering as possible, sent out circulars and tickets, and the Rev. Pope Hornby, among others, in this manner became aware of the intended enormity. The secretary also asked Mr. Hornby, in courteous and sensible terms, to do what he could in the good work of encouraging

union and discipline in the Church. Alas! that the views of Christian men differ so lamentably on the matter of defining what is a good work. Pope Hornby is far from approving of the object of the lecture, begs to acknowledge, &c., in not very polite language; and goes on to remark, that "he would have thought that a society which regards Church union and discipline would have communicated with the rector before it made arrangements." It is pretty clear from what follows, that if the English Church Union had asked leave for the delivery of the lecture permission would have been withheld, for Mr. Pope Hornby goes on to observe that he was formerly a member of the English Church Union, but left it because he differed from it on fundamental points; he therefore "feels bound to publish this correspondence as a warning to his parishioners." Having thus constituted himself Pope of Bury, Mr. Hornby cannot blame us for giving him the title. It is only fair that the person who assumes to himself the functions of a supreme pontiff should also be saddled with the name of the office. Mr. Hornby, as far as we can understand the matter, has acted therein in a contemptibly officious and arrogant manner, and we do not know at which to wonder most, his ignorant assumption, or his want of Christian charity. We sincerely hope that the lecture was a great success, if only as a hint to Mr. Pope Hornby to attend to his own business, which is certainly not that of stirring up angry feelings and sowing dissension among his flock.

## MESSRS. AGNEWS' GALLERY.

THIS annual exhibition of pictures is as tastefully and carefully selected as heretofore. It contains many excellent works, most of which, it is true, are known to fame, but of which many at the same time will be new to numbers of persons in Manchester. Messrs. Agnew do good service in bringing together from year to year, for the benefit of the public, such gems of art as there are to be seen in the present collection. Space would fail us were we to attempt to give more than a faint indication of the treat in store for visitors. There is no pleasanter picture of its class, for instance, than Mr. B. Ansdell's, "The Anxious Mother," which depicts a group of sheep terror-stricken at the approach of danger. The wool of one of the mothers of the flock is a wonderfully accurate study, and the different expression in the eyes of the sheep and young lambs respectively, is admirably brought out. Mr. E. M. Ward has a very fine semi-historical picture of the daughter of Louis XVI. sketching her prison walls from the garden, the figure-drawing in which must be thoroughly looked at to be appreciated. Sir E. Landseer's work is plentifully represented; and a picture of Mr. Millais', which appeared in last year's Academy, called the "Fringe of the Moor," will delight those who have not seen it before, and, for the matter of that, those who have done so.

ANOTHER POLITICAL CONVERT.—On dit that Mr. J. W. Maclure, D.C.L., was formally proposed yesterday by Mr. William Birch, jun., and seconded by Mr. B. Armitage, as a member of the Manchester Reform Club.

## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Articles intended for insertion must be addressed to the Editor of the *City Jackdaw*, Market Street Chambers, Manchester, and must bear the name and address of the sender.

We cannot be responsible for the preservation or return of MSS. sent to us.

A Friend.—Thanks, but too late.

Another Friend (Leigh).—Thanks, the matter had not escaped us.

The Ringers.—We would have found room if we could, but were already cramped for space.

Citizen.—Sir Joseph Heron has never, to our knowledge, written under the signature of "Hal-o'-the-Wynd."

The Boulder in Queen's Park.—The controversy is too much for your strength, whether it is granite or not. Don't teach your granite to suck eggs.

J. A. W.—You shall not wag your j-a-w at the expense of our readers.

Housepainter.—If you must go in for paper staining, do not in future send specimens to us.

A Born Blue.—You ought to have been put in spirits at once, and labelled, as a natural curiosity.

RECEIVED.—"Notes on Politics;" "Emery Powder;" "A Disgusted Liberal;" "H. H. M.;" "Argus's Reflections."



FEBRUARY 25, 1876.]

THE CITY JACKDAW.

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